THE

Doubtful Shepherd.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move!
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love?

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love?

If ſhe ſome other ſwain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt friend,
That inſtant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love?

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, or ſhady grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love?

When arm'd with inſolent diſdain,
She ſeem'd to triumph o'er my pain;
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love?

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